

TALK ABOUT YOUR WISHFUL THINKERS!

i read in time magazine that
a french art collector, dr. jousseau,
left at his death a collection of
2,414 corots, "every one of which turned
out to be a phony."

here we have a veritable paradigm of
a man whose stupidity,
or gullibility,
or, perhaps, capacity for self-deception
truly defied all odds.

HENRI ROUSSEAU: THE BANKS OF THE OISE, C. 1907

three moocows going nowhere down no road,
two black one brown, and
all in whiteface.
minstrel moocows and a maid
past menstruating.
four eucalyptus, a couple of dozen
deciduous, and a single fruit tree.
the little customs man knew
money did not grow on trees.
autumn does not flower.
harvest hedgerows.
blue and green go together.
grass enough to go around. ruminations
of the munch-a-lunch bunch.

FEMALE FIGURINE: EGYPT, 3600 B.C.

earlier civilizations were not afraid
to celebrate the sexual attractiveness
of the human form. this woman, with
neck of swan, raises her arms to lift
and emphasize her firm though ample breasts.
sure, stephen daedalus may speak of the
stasis of aesthetic contemplation, but
i find i also want her.

and i wonder if it may not mark
the end-stage of a race when its
young are conditioned not to look upon
eligible women first and foremost with lust.